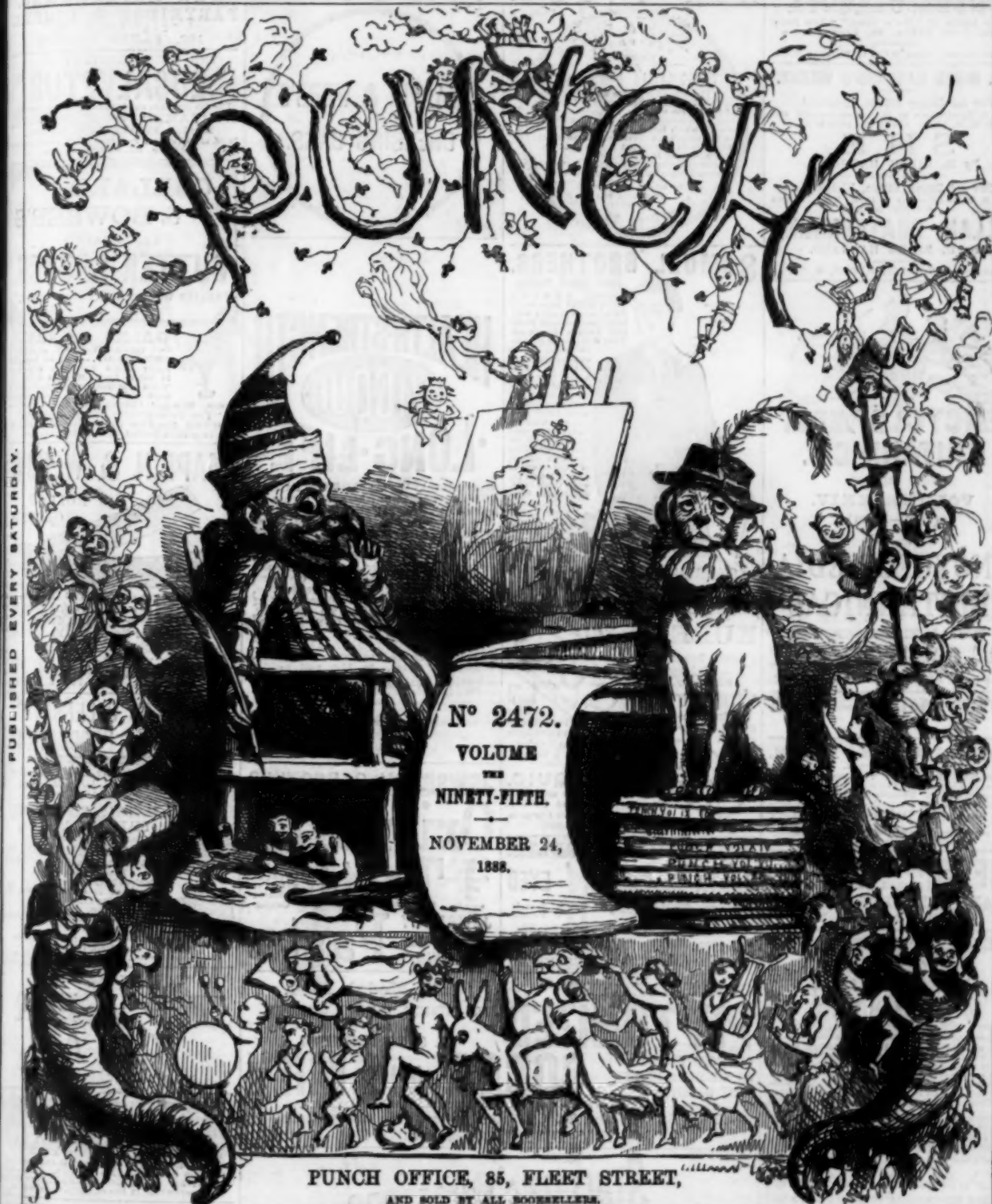


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"The University of Giessen has made BISMARCK a Doctor of Divinity."—*Times*, Nov. 13.

### MR. BULL AND MYNHEER.

"On the 17th November Dutchmen are preparing to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the liberation of the Netherlands from French domination, and the re-establishment of national independence."—*Times*.

"It is just two centuries to-day (November 5) since modern English political history began with the landing of WILLIAM OF ORANGE at Brixham Harbour, Torbay."—*Mrs. Lynn Linton*, in "*St. James's Gazette*."

**Mr. Bull.** Your health, Mynheer, in a genuine Dutchman's draught! You know, perhaps, what the rousing chorus of the popular glee says:—

"It's oh! that a Dutchman's draught should be  
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!"

**Mynheer.** Verily, Mr. BULL, VAN DUNK's powers of potation were less typical than some shouters of that roystering chorus seem to suppose:—

"Mynheer VAN DUNK,  
Though he never got drunk,  
Sipped brandy-and-water gaily;  
And he quenched his thirst  
With two quarts of the first  
To a pint of the latter daily."

'Tisn't a legion of bibulous VAN DUNKS, my friend, who would have snatched Holland from the ocean sand-flats, or fought PHILIP of Spain. But for once, and, in response to your hearty challenge, I'll not shirk even what you call a Dutchman's draught. This schnapps is no bad stingo, as mellow as old Irish, and as toothsome as "right Nantz."

**Mr. Bull.** Well, Mynheer, we have been linked in many ways in history. We have fought yard-arm to yard-arm, with no great discredit to either. If we have given you a licking, occasionally, in return you have given us a king. That trims the balance, I reckon,—not to name VAN TROMP and his broom! But the toast I now propose is, "Liberty, and our Lasting Friendship!"

In connection wherewith accept my hearty congratulations on your glorious anniversary.

**Mynheer.** Thanks, my friend! In return accept mine upon yours. Seventy-five years or two centuries, they both represent the same thing, the thing we have both fought for and laboured for, the very breath of the nostrils of both Hollander and Anglo-Saxon—Liberty!

*(They drink deeply.)*

**Mr. Bull.** By the way, Mynheer, there is likely to be yet another link between us. If I may trust the *Cambridge Review*, you are adopting, under whatever difficulties, our national game. I understand there are more than a hundred cricket-clubs in Holland! I hope we shall see you and your Batavian batsmen and bowlers at Lords and the Oval yet. You ought to be handy at "the willow," Mynheer.

**Mynheer.** Why, yes, willows we have in plenty, but in circumscribed, sandy, dyke-divided Holland, good cricket-grounds are scarce, and good wickets not so easy to get as in your own grassy Isle. But difficulties notwithstanding, my boys have been going it at the Malibaan, and many "een zeer leelijken bal"—what you call a "shooter"—has flown from a Dutch fist during the last few seasons.

**Mr. Bull.** Hooray! If we once fight on the cricket-field we shall hardly want to fight elsewhere, Mynheer—even in Africa, I hope. "In matters of Commerce, the fault of the Dutch, is giving too little and asking too much."

You know the old metrical sneer. Suppose we alter it to:—

"In matters of bowling the fault of the Dutch,  
Is changing too little, 'long-hopping' too much."

That takes all the sting out of it, Mynheer. And you'll soon alter all that, with a few wrinkles from our GRACES, LOHMANN'S, and STEELS. Already, I'm told you are rattling wicket-keepers, and no muffs at a catch.

**Mynheer.** You do me proud, Mr. BULL. And if I also may venture upon doggerel in a language which is not mine own, I would add:—

And when we're a little bit more of "dry bobs,"  
We shall not be such "passive victims of lobs,"  
As your *Daily News* says we are at present.  
Perhaps with mole-hills in the out field, and  
A public right-of-way between the wickets,  
Even your own champion would find his scores  
Dwindling, and his average suffering.

**Mr. Bull.** Probably. But pretty soon I expect we shall hear of a "Batavian GRACE," in a sense quite other than that of DISRAELI's celebrated back-hander to poor BRESFORD HOPE.

**Mynheer.** I hope so, I'm sure. But, of course, in—

"A land that rides at anchor and is moored,  
In which they do not live, but go aboard,"

as another of your satirical rhymesters has it, our willow-wielders are at a disadvantage. Still this sounds business-like, Mr. BULL:—

"F. Lelyveld en Suermondt top scorers  
waren. Nu volg de een batting performance,  
zoals maar zelden hier in Holland gezien  
wordt. Tervyl Nolet heel kalm bloekt, sloeg  
v. Haesten er lustig op los."

**Mr. Bull.** Business-like? It sounds quite international and Volapük-ish, Mynheer. By Jove, I seem to see my way to a rattling song for a Cricket Supper.—"The Hit to Leg," to the tune of "The Cork Leg," you know.

*(Sings.)* I'll tell you a tale without any flam,  
Of a Slogger named Mynheer VAN CLAM.  
Who every morning said, "I am  
The hardest hitter in Rotterdam."

*Ri-tooral-looral, &c.*

One day he'd been having a turn at the leg,  
And he stood at the wickets as stiff as a peg.  
He feared he should hardly "break his egg,"  
But he fluked a most wonderful hit to leg.

The fine hit gave Mynheer delight,  
He had timed it well, and he caught it right.  
It soared and soared to an awful height,  
And in less than a moment was out of sight.

The batsmen ran a regular race,  
Till each was perspiring and purple of face;  
Still that ball went on at a pelting pace,  
And the fieldmen still kept up the chase.

They added a hundred and one to the score,  
Then they stopped, perspiring at every pore;  
They had won the match, midst a general roar,  
But they never got sight of that ball any more!

My tale I've told, both plain and free,  
Of the hardest slogger that could be,  
He never was out at all, d'ye see  
From that wonderful hit to L. E. G.

*Ri-tooral-looral-looral-looral,*

*Ri-to-looral lay!*

**Mynheer.** Ha! ha! ha! Another bumper,  
Mr. BULL! Here's a health to Britons, Bata-  
vians, and Batsmen!!! *[Left drinking.]*



AT HYDE PARK CORNER, NOV. 16.

### THAT EVENING PIPE.

[The Recreative Evening School Association has asked for the use of the halls in the new Board Schools, and begs the School Board to permit the evening pipe to the working-men, in the hope of attracting them from the Public-house. Mr. WILKS and the Rev. C. BROOKE, of the Board, opposed this, on the ground that smoking was most injurious.]

THAT evening pipe, that evening pipe!  
C. BROOKE and WILKS, with wisdom ripe,  
Would put it out, would stop its puff.  
How can such Sages talk such stuff?  
Wiseacre WILKS and Reverend BROOKE  
The working-man "had cut a snook"  
At JAMES himself if, Royal quack, he  
Had tried to rob them of their baccy;  
And think you then they will be fast  
To heed your baby Counterblast?  
Take *Punch's* tip, my reverend blokes,  
Let the poor man enjoy his smokes;  
Don't from his programme strive to wipe  
The pleasure of that evening pipe;  
'Tis one of the few things that charm,  
And do him no especial harm;  
At all philanthropy he'll sniff,  
That starts by cutting off his whiff.  
If you've so strange a nose indeed,  
As cannot stand the fragrant weed,  
Don't into poor men's pleasures poke it!  
There!—put that in your pipes, and smoke it!



## THE OLD GUIDE.

(A New Reading.)

"TRY NOT TO PASS"—THE OLD MAN SAID—  
 "YOUR BILL. I'LL POINT THE ROAD INSTEAD.  
 YOU'LL FIND THE END IS—MUCH THE SAME."  
 "I KNOW," THE YOUNG MAN CRIED, "YOUR GAME,—  
 'ALTERNATIVE!'"

## A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

FATHER DAMIEN, the heroic priest who is voluntarily undergoing slow martyrdom by leprosy in the Island of Molokai, appealed some months ago for a thousand pounds to gratify "the only wish that still remained in his mind," which was "to provide a suitable church for his lepers." Only half of this sum has been forthcoming, five hundred pounds are still wanted, and the brave Father DAMIEN, dying by inches of a dread disease, is "disappointed." Is this right? Those who think it is *not*, can help to alter it, and to make up the sum by December 1, "so that it may be sent out as a Christmas present to Father DAMIEN." Christmas is at hand; if there is any worthier way in which the great Season of Gifts could be celebrated,

Mr. Punch would like to hear of it. Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

"Christmas comes but once a year,  
 And when it comes it brings good cheer."

Let it bring cheer, before it is too late, to Father DAMIEN, the heroic martyr of Molokai, from Father Christmas.

The Hon. Treasurer is the Rev. H. B. CHAPMAN, 177, Camden Grove North, Peckham, to whom all letters should be addressed. Mr. CHAPMAN will acknowledge all subscriptions immediately. He would be much obliged if subscribers would write "DAMIEN Fund" on the envelope of their letters.

Let Mr. Punch once more have reason to be proud of his readers!

## RUBY.

(NEW VERSION.) A SONG OF A SYNDICATE.

(Sung by Captain P.-U.-N.)

I SPOTTED the chance of a "boom" last year,  
 But now I perceive that we're all done brown;  
 Our Syndicate's out in the cold, I fear,  
 And the India Office has let us down.  
 'Twas a Burmah Spec, that seemed bound to succeed,  
 For the Chief Commissioner did not decline,  
 Lord DUFFERIN smiled, and they all agreed  
 That we were to boss the big Ruby Mine.  
 'Tis a memory sad, and our hopes fast fleet,  
 For lost seems the chance of that fat five years;  
 The Concession is cancelled; what use to treat,  
 If GORST steps in, and our bargain "queers"?  
 Once more to the market it open lies,  
 That grand Concession. You must agree  
 That there is cause for immense surprise,  
 And the passionate pleadings that break from me,  
 Oh, Ruby Mine, darling, that opening grand  
 We greeted with joy may be never our own,  
 Perchance, it may pass to another hand.  
 Though the STREETER Syndicate loudly groan.  
 The Concession I settled seems mere dead leaves;  
 May Parliament list to our earnest prayer!  
 Oh, GORST, whose conduct our bosom grieves,  
 We pine for the hour of our meeting there!

## MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

THE NOVELLO Series of Oratorios will commence early in Dec., under the conductorship of Dr. A. C. MACKENZIE. As the name NOVELLO implies, there are plenty of Novelloties in the programme. We hear that someone has re-written "Juba's Lyre," and that Dr. MACKENZIE has re-set it. Not having as yet received the score from Our Own Special Musical Critic, we can only give the public a specimen of the librettist's adaptation. Here is a verse:—

"O had I JUBA'S LYRE, | And teach him (by desire)  
 I'd punch his wicked head, | To tell the truth instead."

The musical setting to this is, we are informed, well worthy of the inspiration to which we owe these magnificent words. Dr. MACKENZIE—not Sir MORELL, but the still more Musical Doctor—is, of course, the composer, and the Morell of the lines lies in the application of them.



## COMPORTMENT.

First Tailor. "DO YOU BOW TO YOUR CUSTOMERS WHEN YOU MEET THEM IN THE STREETS?"

Second Ditto. "WELL, AS A RULE I DO, BUT I ALWAYS CUT MY MISFITS!"

## ROBERT ON THE TURTEL FAMINE!

PRAPS one of the werry wust sines of the low vulgarity and hutter habense of respok for other people's feelings, as marks the present low levelling times, is to be seen in the mis-placed and crewel jokes with which the sad intelligense has been reaved of the probbabel "famine of Turtel" with which the werry hiest horders of the dining-out world is now threatened!



That the pore hungry can-oil, as the French werry properly calls the mere mob, who of coarse never has tasted, and is never likely to taste, the most xquizzet dellyeasy of the werry grandest of menus, shood rejoice at the hawful prospek of a hutter failure of this werry grandest of crops, is but nateral and ony conformabel to their gelous natur. But that hedhitters of respectabel noose-papers, who are themselves sumtimes alloud to partake of this expensiv luksury, shood jine in the ribbold jeer, is, I confess a staggerer, and has, I also confesses, touched me deeply.

Can any one of these generally respectabel Gents have allowed himself to reflekt, earnly and seryously, upon the degree of sumthink werry near approaching to hagony with which the great Firm of BRING AND RIMER must have seed approaching the possybillity of a Lord Marc's Banqwet on the sacred 9th without no Turtel Soup! I am appy to say as the dreadful secret of the possibel cumming Famine was not revealed to me until the nex day, or I werry much dowt weather I cood have gorn thro my heavy dooties with my customary suckness.

There's jest one little suckemstance, of so nobel and ginerosus a charaakter, that I feels it my dooty to reveal it for the hadmirashun of posterity. In spite of the tremenjus wallue of Turtel Soup at that time, and its possorably fabbylus wally when the dredded famine has reeched our shoars, no differens, I am hinformed, was made in

the cusumtary derangements, but the hole of the left Soop on the Friday's Bankwet was given to the Pore, as ushal, on the follering morning!

Whether it woodn't have been more keanly apreesiated had it have been distribooted among the noble Army of Waiters, as made the Bankwet so great a suckness, it is not for me to say, and I dismisses the ongenerous thort with a si.

I hundestand as seweral of the great Liwery Campans have patriotically resolved to adjurn sum of theyr mostskrumpahus Bankwets for the presint, in hopes the Famine may blow over, and however much me and my class may lament our terrybel losses, I am obliged to confess as they are rite, for how coold they possorably hask a Royal Prince, or ewen a Royal Dook, to theyr Alls of Ospitalerty without the cusumtary lushus luksury to which they has so long bin acustomed.

Why the West Ingy Plainters, who cultiwates Turtels the same as our Farmers cultiwates Bullocks, shood suddenly be so werry short of 'em, of coarse I am quite hunabel to say, but it suttently does look rather suspishus that it shood have append at jist the werry busy time when the demand for 'em is so werry overpowering.

The base ellusions to Conger Eels and Wales, I treat with the utter contemp they deserve. Sumbody says in the play sumwhere, that sumthink or other is "werry like a Wale," but he would be a bold man indead as wood say as a Wale was "werry like a Turtel!"

No thank ye, that woodn't do for a hexpert with the werry slitest xperience, and suttently not for

ROBERT.

WHAT WILL THEY DO TO THEM?—MURPHY and BRANNAGAN have obtained the QUEEN's pardon—for what? For having been in penal servitude for nine years? Surely the QUEEN's pardon in such a case should mean something more than "I beg your pardon, and I grant you grace," and should be accompanied by a provision for life, subscribed by witnesses, judge, and jury. We hope it has already taken this form, and that those who are now convinced of the great wrong done to these two men may have "The courage of their conviction," and speak up boldly in behalf of MURPHY and BRANNAGAN.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A DELIGHTFULLY told romance is *The Countess Eve*, by J. H. SHORTHOUSE. An additional charm is, that it is in one volume. No wanderings, as in *John Inglesant*. One of the heroes is an



Bow-wow-ing him out.

Actor. I should like to hear what Mr. IRVING would have to say about the truth of this character to nature. Mr. SHORTHOUSE'S Stage is an ideal one; but then the story is as fancifully conceived and nearly as weird as that of *Le Juif Polonais*. The triumph of good over evil is strikingly worked out. The scene is laid in France, and the characters are all French. This being so, why introduce little bits of French? For example, why suddenly style the Superiress of a Convent, whom he has hitherto spoken of as The Abbess, as *La Mère Abbess*? Why make an old servant ask the two Gentlemen, "Would *les Messieurs* partake of *déjeuner* before returning to the City?" Are *les Messieurs* and "*déjeuner*" untranslatable? By what authority does Mr. SHORTHOUSE use a *circonflexe* in *déjeuner*? One of the most subtly conceived and cleverly drawn characters in the book is the little chattering Vicomte. But no more, or as Mr. SHORTHOUSE would say, not a word *de plus*. Those *qui* like *les romans*, I *fortement* recommend *à lire* this *livre*. C'est published par *Les Messieurs* MACMILLAN.

I've carried a Walker's pocket-book wherever I've walked during this year, and am quite sorry to part with it. Still I must in favour of another Walker—No. 7—a size larger, but slimmer and more pocketable. Walker's No. 4, I recommend for ladies who have pockets. The varieties might suit Wagnerites who could speak of the Walker pocket-books as "the *Walkerie*."

What a magnificent Christmas present would be the HARRY FURNESS'S collection of his *Artistic Jokes*, splendidly bound in one volume, containing photographs of every picture in his Bond Street show, which made such a hit last year, and drew crowds to see his rare burlesque treatment of the works of the Royal Academicians. This book, of which he is compiler, printer, and publisher, and part author with "E. J. M." would be, indeed, a rare gift, as the issue is limited to about a hundred and fifty copies, and it is becoming rarer every day. "Get it," says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## VOCES POPULI.

AT EDINBURGH CASTLE.

SCENE—Entrance to the Castle. A small Party of Sightseers have just retained the services of an Official Guide.

Guide (in a mellifluous tone and without any stops whatever, fixing his eyes on vacancy, having apparently committed his discourse to memory). Before commencing our round of the Castle Lady and Gentlemen I will ask your attention to a few remarks upon the trench below the drawbridge where we now stand most parties are apt to run away with the erroneous impression of its being the ancient moat which a moment's reflection will show us how absurd this is being more than one 'undred feet above the base of the solid rock before us is the exercise ground formerly the scene of countless burnings 'angings and other revolting spectacles common to that barbarous age now apply for ever past from us!

First Sightseer (desirous to gratify the Guide, and display his Military knowledge). You could hold this place against any odds, eh? Practically impregnable, I suppose?

Guide (blandly). Well, Sir, as a fortress, it is quite obsolete, being commanded by Arthur's Seat.

A "Stupid" S. Who did you say commands the Castle?

[Discovers that he is cut off from Guide by a body of soldiers marching down to drill. By time he comes up with him again, Guide is already explaining something else, and question allowed to drop.]

Guide. Above the same-eye Gothic arch under which we are now about to pass you will observe the Scots arms carved above with the motto *Nemo me impugnavit* no one provokes me with impunity.

The Stupid S. (in a whisper). What did he say provoked him?

Guide (continuing). In the chamber above the last and innermost gate making seven in all and lighted by a single grating it formed the place of confinement for the luckless ARGYLL previous to his execution there the original study was made by WARD for his picture the "*Last Sleep of Argyll*" now in the 'Ouses of Parliament.

Sightseers (who have never seen the Westminster frescoes). Really? painted there, was it! [They regard the grating with dawning interest.]

The S. S. Singular thing to do—sending an artist to paint him asleep before they cut his head off, curious days, those, Sir, curious days!

Guide. The portion above is modern having been re-erected in recent times in the latest baronial style on your left as you go

forward Lady and Gentlemen you will observe a flight of steps formerly at once the route for persons of royal and noble blood and the only means of access from the condemned cells to the place of execution a striking contrast thus we see afforded between the two sides misery and splendour the 'ighest and the lowest. (Holds in an impressive manner. Sightseers prepare, in limp attitudes, to receive information.) You follow the direction of my staff to the furthest corner of the ramparts where the turret projects it was there that a rather romantic—

An Old Lady (arriving hurriedly). Are you the Guide? Can you explain the Castle?

Guide. Yes, Ma'am, that is what I am here to do—(placidly)—it was there that a rather romantic but strictly—

The Old Lady. Wait a minute. I want my friend to hear this. I'll fetch her. [Starts in search of friend, who is drifting aimlessly about amongst the cannon, and comes under protest.]

Guide (proceeding)—a rather romantic but strictly according to our historical records a curious coincident took place the manner in which the Castle was taken by surprise by RANDOLPH with only thirty picked men ascending the well-nigh precipitous rock the cheekwatch or as we now call it the patrol was at that moment being relieved and the sentinel in mere wantonness or pure folly seizing one of the stones with which in those days for purposes of defence the rampart was then encumbered and shouting "Away!" I see ye well urled it over the rampart upon the 'elmets of the crouching escalade!

The S. S. The crouching which?

Guide (repeating with relish). The crouching escalade fortunately without injury to any of the scaling-party which waiting till the cheekwatch had gone by clutching the ivy in their garntletted 'ands they reached the summit overpowering the sentinel and taking the Castle by surprise the feat being counted as one of the most daring stratagems known to 'istry!

The S. S. (admiringly). And were you there?

Guide. No, Sir; it took place in thirteen 'undred and twelve, Sir—(impassively)—before I was born, Sir. (Continuing as before.) In yonder building now the Army the ruthless CRICHTON entertained the DOUGLASES at a banquet the cover being removed revealed the black bull's 'ed symptom of violent and immediate death struck with 'orror at the sight they begged for their lives being brutally refused and slain on the spot the iron tank on your right as you ascend is comparatively modern and constructed to 'old water in the event of a siege to provide against the garrison being reduced by thirst the water is forced up into the tank each day by gravitation from the Pentland 'ills. I may here mention that the piece of ordnance we are now passing is the famous Mons Meg. Ladies and Gentlemen it is unnecessary for me to explain the cannon the inscriptions on the carriage being its 'istry.

The S. S. Is that the gun they fire every day by electricity?

Guide. It was last fired in 1682, Sir, being burst by the discharge and consequently now obsolete, even for peaceful purposes. [The party pass into the quadrangle and face the Royal Apartments.]

Guide. The wing on your right was set apart for the Court and Royal Suite in front stands the ancient Banqueting 'All here ARGYLL feasted and connived with CROMWELL at the death of CHARLES the FIRST that doorway leads you to Queen MARY'S Room the birth-place of JAMES the SIXTH afterwards JAMES the FIRST of Scotland. Ladies and Gentlemen—(mysteriously)—I am now going to explain something which you will find in none of the authorised guide-books or 'istorical records will you all remain kindly where you now are for a few minutes, and keep your eye fixed on me? [Walks slowly to a doorway, and touches a stone above it with his stick, sightseers look on, apparently in expectation of some startling conjuring trick.]

Guide (returning with subdued importance). A curious discovery never yet cleared up was made some years ago in the exact spot which you saw me touch with my stick some workmen making alterations came upon a coffin of oak which being opened proved to contain the skeleton of an infant of great antiquity—

The S. S. How old did you say the infant was?

Guide. Its exact age is unknown, but it was of a great antiquity and enveloped in a covering wrought with two initials, one of them an I being distinctly visible being reported to Major-General THACKERY then in command of the Royal Engineers he gave orders for the skeleton to be replaced and the aperture sealed up which accordingly was done though what or 'oo the infant was it is a mystery—(solemnly)—proably will ever remain a mystery but that is where the infant was found and where it now is.

The S. S. Did you say that JAMES the FIRST was born in there?

Guide. Yes, Sir, we have 'istorical record of that being so.

The S. S. Very well—(triumphantly)—your mystery's accounted for at once! [Looks round to discover effect, and perceives that his theory does not seem to be generally understood, and realises for the first time that he does not understand it himself.]

Guide (declining to pursue the subject). Here Ladies and Gentlemen my duties terminate you will now inspect at your leisure for there is no occasions to hurry taking your own time about it the Crown Room the Birthplace St. Margaret's Chapel Mons Meg and the

view from the Castle ramparts the official charge I may here remind you is sixpence each person. Thank you, Sir, I am much obliged to you. [Scene closes on Sightseers, trooping up staircase in varying states of contented vagueness as to what they are going to see when they get up.]

### THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

Sunday, November 4.—CARRIE and I troubled about that mere boy LUPIN getting engaged to be married without consulting us or anything. After dinner he told us all about it. He said the lady's name was DAISY MUTLAR, and she was the nicest, prettiest, and most accomplished girl he ever met. He loved her the moment he saw her, and if he had to wait fifty years he would wait, and he knew she would wait for him. LUPIN further said, with much warmth, that the world was a different world to him now—it was a world worth living in. He lived with an object now, and that was to make DAISY MUTLAR—DAISY POOTER, and he would guarantee she would not disgrace the family of the POOTERS. CARRIE here burst out crying, and threw her arms round his neck, and in doing so, upset the glass of port he held in his hands all over his new light trousers. I said I had no doubt he should like Miss MUTLAR when we saw her, but CARRIE said she loved her already. I thought this rather premature, but held my tongue. DAISY MUTLAR was the sole topic of conversation for the remainder of the day. I asked LUPIN who her people were, and he replied, "Oh, you know MUTLAR, WILLIAMS AND WATTS." I did not know, but refrained from asking further questions, at present, for fear of irritating LUPIN.



Portrait of Nobody, by Himself.

November 5.—LUPIN went with me to the office, and had a long conversation with Mr. PERKUPP, our principal, the result of which was that he accepted a clerkship in the firm of JOB CLEANANDS AND Co., Stock and Sharebrokers. LUPIN told me, privately, it was an advertising firm, and he did not think much of it. I replied, "Beggars should not be choosers;" and I will do LUPIN the justice to say, he looked rather ashamed of himself. In the evening we went round to the CUMMINGS', to have a few fireworks. It began to rain, and I thought it rather dull. One of my squibs would not go off, and GOWINS said, "Hit it on your boot, boy; it will go off then." I gave it a few knocks on the end of my boot, and it went off with one loud explosion, and burnt my fingers rather badly. I gave the rest of my squibs to the little CUMMINGS' boy, to let off. Another unfortunate thing happened, which brought a heap of abuse on my head. CUMMINGS fastened a large wheel set-piece on a stake in the ground by way of a grand finale. He made a great fuss about it; said it cost seven shillings. There was a little difficulty in getting it alight. At last it went off, but, after a couple of slow revolutions, it stopped. I had my stick with me, so I gave it a tap to send it round, and, unfortunately, it fell off the stake on to the grass. Anybody would have thought I had set the house on fire from the way in which they stormed at me. I will never join in any more firework parties. It is a ridiculous waste of time and money.

November 6.—LUPIN asked CARRIE to call on Mrs. MUTLAR, but CARRIE said she thought Mrs. MUTLAR ought to call on her first. I agreed with CARRIE, and this led to an argument. However, the matter was settled by CARRIE saying she could not find any visiting-cards, and we must get some more printed, and when they were finished would be quite time enough to discuss the etiquette of calling.

November 7.—I ordered some of our cards at BLACK'S, the Stationers. I ordered twenty-five of each, which will last us for a good long time. In the evening, LUPIN brought in HARRY MUTLAR, Miss MUTLAR's brother. He was rather a gawky youth, and LUPIN said he was the most popular and best amateur in the Club, referring to the "Holloway Comedians." LUPIN whispered to us that if we could only "draw out" HARRY a bit, he would make us roar with laughter. At supper, young MUTLAR did several amusing things. He took up a knife, and with the flat part of it, played a tune on his cheek in a wonderful manner. He also gave an imitation of an old man with no teeth, smoking a big cigar. The way he kept dropping the cigar sent CARRIE into fits. In the course of conversation, DAISY's name cropped up, and young MUTLAR said he would bring his sister round to us one evening—his parents being rather old-fashioned, and not going out much. CARRIE said we would get up a little special party. As young MUTLAR showed no inclination to go, and it was approaching eleven o'clock, as a hint I reminded LUPIN that he had to be up early to-morrow. Instead of taking the hint, MUTLAR began a series of comic imitations. He went on for an hour without cessation, Poor CARRIE could scarcely keep her eyes open. At last she made an excuse, and said "Good-night." MUTLAR then left, and I heard him and LUPIN whispering in the hall something about the "Holloway Comedians," and to my disgust, although it was past midnight, LUPIN put on his hat and coat, and went out with his new companion.

### GUIDES, PHILOSOPHERS, AND FRIENDS-IN-NEED.

THE ladies and gentlemen interested in floating the "Lady Guide Association," appear not only to have discovered a new social want,



The Guide who "knows her way about."

but to be, moreover, confident that they have hit on an excellent method of meeting it. The following extract, however, from a little pamphlet they have recently published furnishes the best explanation of the objects they have in view, which are:—

"1st.—To supply efficient Guides, who shall be ladies by birth and education, for the services of strangers, foreigners, and visitors of their own sex, to the Metropolis and its Environs.

"2nd.—To provide remunerative employment for intelligent gentlewomen, who from the present overcrowded labour markets, are now debarred from earning a livelihood.

"3rd.—To assist all new comers, by giving information upon every subject connected with their visit, aiding them in every way, in a manner which shall relieve them of all trouble, spare them imposition, and ensure their comfort.

"4th.—To advise Visitors as to the several ways of seeing and enjoying this Country, at given prices, and to save the time and money of such visitors."

And to the above, by way of a sort of happy after-thought, they subjoin the following foot-note:—

"N.B.—The Guides will be prepared to attend mixed parties of ladies and gentlemen, families and children, and those other than gentlemen travelling en garçon."

It appears from the foregoing brief schedule of some of her proposed requirements that the finished "Lady Guide" will have to be a very formidably accomplished person, possessing all the highest moral, social, and intellectual attributes, imbued with a spirit of the profoundest philosophy, and combining all this with the advantages of the most perfect walking encyclopædia. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the Association hinting at the necessity of candidates wishing to offer their services as "Lady Guides," having to pass some slight "preliminary examination." Unfortunately, they do not furnish a specimen test-paper, but that deficiency has been met by the publication of the following list of questions:—

1. A four-wheeled cab, containing five inside passengers, two children on the box, and seven trunks on the roof, is taken from Liverpool Street Station to the extreme end of Hammersmith, and the Lady who has secured your services as guide, after having made the cabman carry the seven trunks up to third storey offers him, as his fare, two-and-ninence, which he indignantly refuses. On his subsequently claiming thirteen and sixpence, and taking off his coat and offering to fight the gentleman of the party for that amount on the steps of the house in the presence of a sympathising crowd, what speedy measures, if any, should you adopt to effect a compromise?

2. You are commissioned by a Lady, who is desirous of giving an afternoon house-warming at her new Mansion in North Bayswater, to provide some suitable entertainment for her friends. How would you set about this? Would you, if you wished to secure the services either of Mr. CORNEY GRAIN or Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, call on one or both of those gentlemen, and ask them to give you a little specimen of their respective *répertoires* as a preliminary to engagement? Do you think they would oblige you by doing this? Or do you think they would resent it, and that the matter would fall through? Supposing it were to, would you be prepared to take a cab, and hunt up all the Music Halls in turn, in the hope of securing some suitable talent?

3. You are engaged to conduct an intelligent, scientific, and inquiring party of sixteen people over Windsor Castle, the Marylebone Workhouse, the Thames Tunnel, Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the London Docks. Do you think that your thorough knowledge of English history, your acquaintance with the working of the Poor Laws, your grasp of the progress of European Art, and your general familiarity with all the great political, commercial, engineering, economic, and other problems of the hour are such as to warrant you in facing the coming ordeal with a jaunty confidence?

4. You are required by an economical Duke to provide a cheap wedding for his only daughter, and he has stipulated that the breakfast shall not, at the outside, cost more than ninepence a head. With a four-and-sixpenny bridal cake, and a sound champagne that must not exceed fifteen shillings a dozen, how do you propose to make the thing go off with *éclat*?

"HERE WE (DON'T) GO UP, UP, UP!"—Last Saturday night the Curtain of the Shaftesbury Theatre would not go up at any price. Wasn't there a *lever du rideau* in the bill? If so, why wasn't it used?





### THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

*Aunt Betsy.* "I REALLY WONDER AT YOUR HAVING SO MANY FRENCH BOOKS IN YOUR LIBRARY, JAMES, WITH ALL YOUR DAUGHTERS GROWING UP!"

*Eva (who has overheard).* "FRENCH BOOKS, INDEED! THE IDEA! WHY, WE SHOULD NEVER THINK OF READING A FRENCH BOOK, IF WE COULD HELP IT—NOT EVEN IF PAPA WERE TO FORBID US TO!"

### EXTREMES MEET.

(An Ancient Story with a Modern Moral.)

THERE WAS (of course it *must* have been long since—

The present would regard with lofty pity  
Men who such civic folly could evince)—  
But, whence'er it was, there was a City;  
A populous City, of colossal size,  
Over some hundreds of square miles extending,

Its palaces the marvel of all eyes,  
Its serpentine maze of streets unending.  
And it was wealthy, was that City wide,  
The opulence of Ophir were a trifle  
To what was stored in it on every side.  
Its banks to sack, its palaces to rifle,  
Might tempt such stoics as LYCURGUS taught,  
Much more mere ruffianly back-street banditti;

So that if Wealth's position e'er was fraught  
With desperate danger, it was in that City.

And Power there had fashioned a Police  
To safeguard Wealth, and keep poor rascals quiet;

To bid the worrying wail of misery cease,  
And check all impulse to rapine and riot.  
Most wise, most provident in Power, of course;

Where Lazarus and Dives are close neighbours,  
It needs the presence of well-ordered force  
To keep Wealth safe, and Work-thralls at their labours.

"Force is no remedy." This doctrine mad  
Was held by some of Liberty's loud zealots.  
"How save by force is Order to be had  
'Midst a mixed horde of millionnaires and helots?"

So Power very pertinently asked;  
And Law, in Power's hands, supplied the answer,  
And held that to have bettered it had tasked  
The skill of an Utopian necromancer.

There came a time—(of course, 'twas long ago)—

When Power and its Police began to wrangle.

Now, Music won't maintain its magic flow  
When even the performers jar and jangle.  
If the Big Drum belabours the Trombone,  
And the Bass Viol pummels the First Fiddle,  
Good-bye to harmony! Time, tune, and tone  
Will be chaotic as a madman's riddle.

Well, the Police appeared to lose its head,  
And Power its heart; a serious disaster!  
They seemed demented by some strange new dread,

And doubtings as to which of them was  
A Democratic Spectre startled some  
As a new avatar of Demogorgon.

Others opined that this was all a hum,  
That the loud mouth was merely Freedom's organ,

Not Anarchy's red maw, or Robbery's gorge,  
Gaping for prey, and avid after plunder;  
'Twas merely an excuse for Power to forge  
Fresh chains for Freedom and keep Labour under.

Hence chiding and cross purposes, and hence  
Much heated fuss that needed sense refrigerant.

You cannot quite depend on the Defence  
When the Defenders are themselves belligerent.

One Chief was sacked because he let the clutch

Of Anarchy come close, and did too little.

Another one because he did too much,  
Or so some said. "Nay, not a jot or tittle!"

Others retorted. That he *said* a lot  
Was very certain, and, no doubt, a pity.  
Meanwhile, with wills at war and tempers hot,

The prospect was not pleasant for that City.

The bearings of this ancient legend lie  
In their contemporary application.  
If such be visible to Wisdom's eye,  
Wisdom should promptly change the situation.

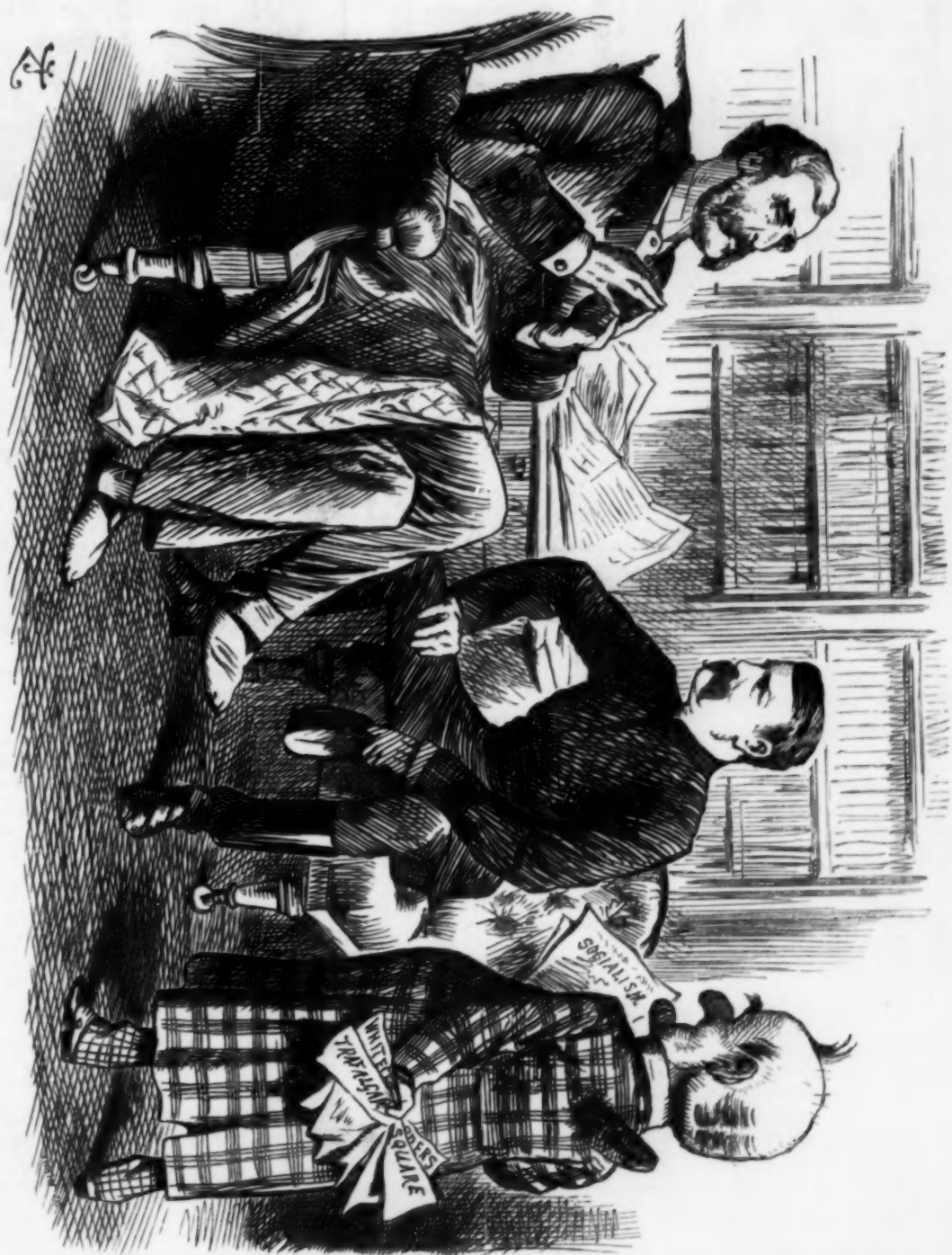
Power may at the implication chafe;  
Police may fume at the implied comparison;

But is the Citadel entirely safe  
Whilst there is angry strife amidst the garrison?

### A Distinction.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if an  
Editor of a satirical and humorous Magazine  
ought not himself to be an exceptionally brilliant wit? Our reply is, "Not necessarily;  
but it is absolutely essential that he should  
have all his wits about him,—on the staff."





# EXTREMES MEET.

SIR EDWARD. "MY DEAR WARREN, YOU DID TOO MUCH!"

SIR CHARLES. "AND YOU, MY DEAR HENDERSON, DID TOO LITTLE!!!"

MR. PERCH (sotto voce). "HUM!—SORRY FOR THE NEW MAN!!!"





## ENDICOTT'S LEGACY.

[The first of the ENDICOTTs, ancestor of the Miss ENDICOTT whom Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has just married at Washington, introduced into America the English Daisy which in Massachusetts is still called "Endicott's Legacy."]

All men of British blood are kin,  
However far they range.  
Both JOHN and JONATHAN must win  
By floral interchange.  
Two centuries and a half ago  
JOHN ENDICOTT, we're told,  
First bade the British Daisy blow  
In Massachusetts old.  
Now JOSEPH's luckiest of lots  
Is to bring home—(Hurroo!!!)—

The flower of the ENDICOTTs  
From Massachusetts new!  
Sure Flora on the match must  
Fortunate JOSEPH C. (smile!)  
Thus to bring back to the Old  
Isle  
ENDICOTT's Legacy!  
'Twixt England, Old and New,  
fresh link!  
Arrah, now, PAT, be aisy!  
You'll surely join us as we drink  
"The Orchid and the Daisy!"

## THE DRAMA—MAJOR AND MINOR.

*Dr. Birch's Academy for Young Gentlemen.*

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You know, when I grow up to be a big man, like my father, I want to be a great writer of plays—a Dramatist, don't you call it? I have already a stage, which cost seven-and-sixpence, inclusive of a very interesting piece, called *The Miller and his Men*, which is in Five Acts, and is printed in about eight pages. Now, as a very great treat, my father took me, the other night—when I came up to Town to visit the dentist—to see *Hands Across the Sea*, at the Princess's Theatre; and, from the papers, I learn that all the critics think it is a model drama. If *Hands Across the Sea* is a model Melodrama, I think *The Miller and his Men* must have been one too, as *Hands Across the Sea* can be played just as easily in my toy Theatre. Here is my version, and I don't think I have left out anything of importance.



Mellow Drammer.

## HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

(Adapted to the Stage of the Theatre Royal Seven-and-Sixpence.)

## ACT I.—Farm in Devonshire.

French Villain and Young Villain come on.

French Villain. You must marry the young girl, and get some money and come with me to the most beautiful woman in Paris. But first pay me all you owe me.

Young Villain. I can't. I have no money. I cannot pay.

Young Villain's Father (coming in). But I can for you. (Gives lots of money to French Villain, who bows and goes off). And now propose to the young girl.

Young Villain. I will. (Young Villain's Father goes off, and Young Girl comes on.) You must marry me!

Young Girl. I can't, because I want to marry—

Young Farmer (coming on). Me!

Young Villain's Father (coming on). She shan't; she shall only marry my young villain of a son. Her father left me power to make her marry whom I like. No one can stop me!

Young Girl's Father (coming on). Oh, yes—I can. I am her Papa! [Tableau. Curtain.]

## ACT II.—In Paris. Girl's Friend and Comic Sort of Man laughing.

Girl's Friend. Why don't you marry me?

Comic Sort of Man. Because I don't understand you. [They go off.]

Young Girl (coming on). I don't like Another French Villain.

Another French Villain (coming on through the window). I love you!

Young Farmer (coming on). You mustn't! (Scenes changes to another part of Paris, where play is going on.) You are a scoundrel! [Hits him.]

Another French Villain. Liar!

Female Fiend from France. Get me some money!

French Villain and Young Villain (coming on). We will! (Scenes changes to another part of Paris.) Die!

[They stab Another French Villain, and go off.]

Young English Farmer (coming on). Why, here's Another French Villain dead—murdered!

Everybody (coming on). You did it! You know you did!

[Tableau and Curtain.]

## ACT III.—Condemned Cell in Paris.

Young Farmer. I must escape.

[Does escape and is pursued by Soldiers, &c., who point their guns at him.]

Young Girl (coming on). Don't shoot him! I have got a reprieve! [Everybody presents arms to her. Tableau. Curtain.]

## ACT IV.—At Sea. Young Girl, Girl's Friend, Comic Sort of Man, and Young Villain, on board ship.

Girl's Friend. Why don't you marry me?

Comic Sort of Man. Never thought of that before.

Girl's Friend. Then you must be a stupid!

Young Farmer (coming on). I have escaped from New Caledonia, and everybody thinks I am a sailor. [They go off.]

Young Girl. I would kiss you, only there are so many people about.

French Officer (coming on). I shall take you prisoner.

Young Farmer. What for? I am an English sailor.

Young Villain. No, you aren't. You are a murderer!

French Officer (to his men). Seize him!

English Captain (to everybody). Hearts of oak! Rule, Britannia! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

French Officer (to his men). Seize him, I say!

English Captain (to everybody). I am naughty-worded if you shall! [Tableau. Curtain.]

## ACT V.—In Australia. Everybody present except the Young Villain's Father, Another French Villain, and a Female Fiend from France.

French Villain. The Young Villain murdered Another French Villain! I did see him do it!

Everybody but the Young Villain. Seize him!

[Young Villain is seized.]

Young Farmer. Joy! and what shall we do next?

Young Girl. Why, marry, to be sure, and so will my Friend, and the Comic Sort of Man.

Young Farmer (to her). We will! (To everybody.) Faint heart never won fair lady! It is never too late to mend. "A stitch in time saves nine!" And thus we live for ever with "Hands Across the Sea!" [Tableau. Curtain. The End.]

There! I think that will do? Come and see it played.

Your affectionate young Friend, my dear Mr. Punch,

CHARLIE, surnamed (at School) THE PIECE-MAKER.

## OUR IN-DEPENDENCIES.

Telegram from Prime Minister of South-West Cariboo to Secretary of State for the Colonies.

HEAR you've appointed Sir MICHAEL TIRMARSH as GOVERNOR. Don't send him out. Won't do at any price. Try another.

From Colonial Secretary to Prime Minister of South-West Cariboo.

Anything to oblige. Just told Sir MICHAEL he would not do. He seemed surprised, and asked why. Would you mind kindly saying why. Don't doubt your judgment, but it would look better to give a reason. Reply prepaid.

From Cariboo Prime Minister to Colonial Secretary.

We don't want him. Isn't that enough? I may, however, inform you confidentially, that somebody out here once saw a man like Sir M. riding on outside of a City Omnibus, reading a halfpenny newspaper. Mind and let us know whom you think of for his substitute.

From Colonial Secretary to Cariboo Premier.

Don't think of anybody. Leave you to suggest.

From Cariboo Premier to Colonial Secretary.

Glad you've adopted so sensible a course. Will wire names of acceptable persons for you to choose from in day or two.

Colonial Secretary to Cariboo Premier.

Received your names. LORD S. says he would be delighted, but thinks it would be difficult to find tenant for Hatfield House during his absence. Have sounded Mr. G. also, who is much flattered, but thinks he's hardly good enough for the post. HOME SECRETARY here will probably be quitting the position soon; what do you say to him? Or, perhaps, Sir W. HARCOURT might think of place, and we could spare him.

Cariboo Prime Minister to Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Your last most insulting. We consider ourselves a cut above Home Secretaries, past or present. Surprised that S. and G. don't care to come. Have decided to fill up vacancy ourselves, and will let you know result in a month or two by letter. Meanwhile, try and remember that we are a Self-Governing Colony.



A SLAVE OF FASHION.

Lady (who has just paid a Month's subscription to the Circulating Library).  
"WHAT KIND OF BOOKS ARE READ THIS SEASON!"

## THE VISIBLE PRINCE.—(A Story of Magic and Mystery.)

"How I should like to do all this?" I murmured to myself. I had been reading an account of the journey of an Illustrious Personage, and the passage had deeply impressed me.

"If you mean what you say," replied someone by my side, "I think I can manage it for you. All you have to do is to wear this, and express a wish to follow H.R.H. But I warn you that, until you return it to me, you will be able to follow no one else, and will remain a fixture until a new wish moves you on," and I found myself receiving an old opera-hat in the Coffee-room of my Club from a member I had not seen before.

"Do you mean to say that if I put this on it will carry me anywhere?" I asked, in a tone of astonishment. The strange member nodded.

I put the old opera-hat on my head, and wishing myself near the Illustrious Personage in question, suddenly found myself in Bulgaria. Immediately I formed part of a group that would have given an excellent subject to the Travelling Artist of the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated London News*. There was the Illustrious Personage, sure enough; and, so far as I could see, he was taking a hurried shot at a bird. He fired successfully, and then looked at his watch. Then he shook hands with some one in attendance, and was gone. I had mechanically removed my hat on finding myself in his presence, and at once found that, uncovered, I was helpless—could move neither hand nor foot. The companions of the Illustrious Personage retired, and I was left alone—in splendid scenery, but still alone. I put on my hat, and uttered a wish. In a moment I was in Hungary, inspecting a cavalry regiment. The Colonel of the regiment was complimenting his men on their smart appearance. Wearing my hat (for I had already found that my *chapeau* rendered me invisible), I approached nearer, and discovered that the Commanding Officer who was so complimentary was no less a person than the heir to an Illustrious Throne. I heard him ask for the time (his uniform fitted closely to his figure, and had no pocket), and, on learning the hour, he bade his men a hurried adieu, and hastily departed. Pressing my hat firmly on my brow, I uttered a wish, and immediately was in Russia. I recognised the voice of the Illustrious Personage. He was bidding the Czar farewell. In another second he was gone!

Again, I found myself alone; and, perforce, had to resume my rapid travelling. It would be wearisome to recount the story of my wanderings. Suffice it to say that I visited in turn Athens, Berlin, Homburg, Monte Carlo, and Copenhagen. Although I had the advantage of my travelling opera-hat which conveyed me instantly from place to place without effort, I felt that I was wearing myself out, while the Illustrious Personage in whose wake I was forced to follow, seemed to me never to experience fatigue. He was always courteous, always cheerful, but always looking at his watch.

"Now," I murmured to myself, when I found myself in Paris, "I shall have a short pause before I recommence my wanderings." I was mistaken. Before I knew where I was, I found myself in Yorkshire, Wales, Glasgow, and the Isle of Wight. I felt that my magic opera-hat was less than a blessing—that it was nearer a curse!

"What shall I do?" I said, piteously, as I found myself alone at the bottom of a coal-mine, which I, in Illustrious company, had recently been inspecting. "What shall I do?" The echo offering no satisfactory reply, I once more wished my wish, and, *hi presto!* was back in London in my own Club. "Have you had enough of it?"

I turned round sharply, and found my fellow member of the morning seated beside me.

"Thank you," I replied, returning the gibus, "but pleasant as travelling may be, I honestly believe there is only one man in the world who is equal to the strain that you put upon me." And I glanced at the Illustrious Personage, who, I noticed, had just taken out his watch and was looking at it.

## THE MRS. HARRIS OF THE TREASURY.

"Bring me my boots," said the Baron. "Bring me the Last of the Barons," quoth Mr. Punch. And he was brought. "What saidst thou, my Lord, the other day, about the Public Prosecutor?" asked Mr. P.

"Sir," replied the Last of the Barons, "*Je vous dirai*—I mean, I will tell you. I said, in making certain observations on the case, I had been hearing."

"Which you were thoroughly justified, Sir Last One, in making," interrupted Mr. Punch, approvingly. "But proceed."

The Last of the Barons blushed, and bowed, and then resumed—"I regretted that in this country there should be no Public Prosecutor."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. P. "To quote the learned precedent of a certain *Prig*," said the Last One, "I don't believe there ain't no such person." Mr. Punch clapped his hands. A thousand of his own pages appeared on the instant.

"Bring me *Whitaker's Almanack*," he commanded. At once it was handed to him. "Now, let us see," muttered Mr. Punch, turning over the leaves—"Government Offices—Treasury—Solicitor's Department—here we are—read." And the Last of the Barons read out—"Solicitor and Public Prosecutor, Sir AUGUSTUS K. STEPHENSON, K.C.B., £3000."

"Well!" said Mr. Punch, "explain!" "I can't," replied the Last of the Barons, sinking down in a chair, and pressing his hand to his brow, "I can't. There ought to be a Public Prosecutor—there is a Public Prosecutor—somewhere."

"And yet you regretted that, in this country, there should be no Public Prosecutor. How's that?" asked Mr. Punch.

"He is an impalpable official . . . no—I don't understand," murmured the Last of the Barons.

"Nor does any one else," returned Mr. Punch. "As you have hinted, the Public Prosecutor is a *Mrs. Harris*. Only the £3000 per annum is real enough. Thank you, Last One, for again calling our attention to the fact. Glad to see the Last so well and so vigorous."

"Why not say Wig-orous?" whispered the Last of the Barons, as glancing timidly towards Mr. P., he made hastily for the door.

"Good morning," said Mr. P. gravely, and the Last One returned to the Count of Queen's Bench.

"NOT THERE, NOT THERE, MY CHILD!"—On Friday night the intelligence that H.R.H. had preferred hearing *Nadgy* to being present at the opening ceremony of the Lyric Club, caused a *Nadgytation* from which the Committee are still suffering.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. (EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Harry Furness

House of Commons, Monday Night, November 12.—House looked like old times at Question Hour. Benches full; great expectation; volleys of Questions. Particular inquiries about Wheel and Van Tax. Goschen judiciously absent.

“No, Toby,” he said, nervously brushing his hat the wrong way. “If you don’t mind, I’ll just stop here in my own room till Questions are over. I know some one will ask whether it’s true I have abandoned the Wheel and Van Tax. I can’t, at present, bring myself to speak on the subject. I’m very much attached to the measure, as they say parents often are to the least thriving of their offspring. I have cherished it for months against assaults from all sides, and I cannot face the thought of abandoning it. Life would not be worth living without my Wheel and Van Tax. There’s something soothing in the very name.”

“Come, come,” I said, not liking to see man of mirth like JOKER thus broken down. “You’ve done your best; you can’t help results. Besides, if you like the sound of name, and they won’t let you have the Wheel and Van Tax, why not try a Weal and ‘Am Tax? Anything to turn an honest penny!”

“Toby,” he said, springing up, and shaking me warmly by the paw, “You’ve saved me. A Weal and ‘Am Tax is surely unobjectionable; repeated briskly, sounds much like the other; darsay, in time, I’ll be able to transfer my affections. Excuse me, I must go and get up a few statistics, and see how it will work out. ‘Weal and ‘Am Tax;’ good!”

Told HENRY JAMES about this. But so full of his own project, hadn’t word of sympathy for GOSCHEN.

“Going to have such larks with WEBSTER,” he said; “Dick





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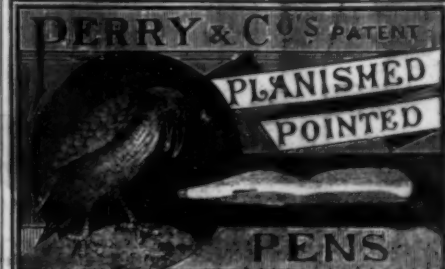
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